

THE
BENEFACTRESS

A
POEM,

Occasion'd by Her GRACE the

DUTCHESS of *NEWCASTLE's*

GIVING

Five Hundred Pounds, towards the Repairing the
Collegiate Church of *Southwell*; a great Part
whereof was destroyed by Lightning and Tem-
pest, November, 1711.

By *Beckwith Spencer*, M. A. and Vicar of *Southwell*.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *W. Ward*, Bookseller in *Nottingham*.
MDCCLXIII.

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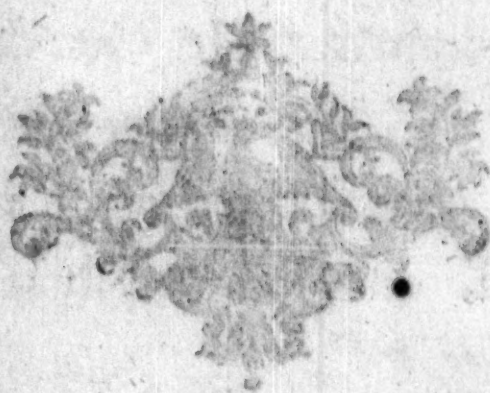
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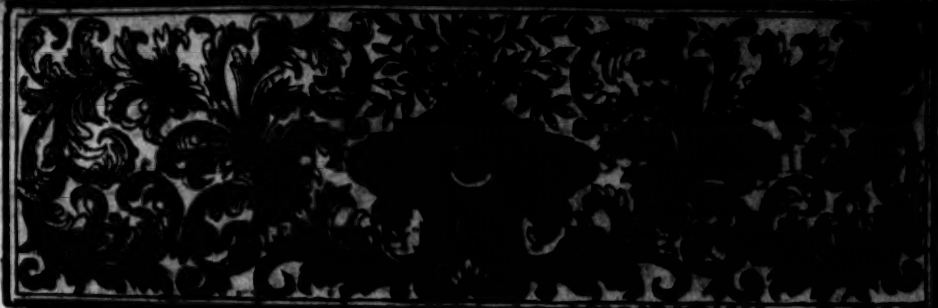
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THE
B E N E F A C T R E S S :

A P O E M

NOT far from *Trent's* fair Stream, and
fruitful Soil,
There stands an Ancient, Stately, Sacred
Pile;
Southwell's Delight and Glory. Fame has told,
The Great *Paulinus* founded it of old,
Religious Princes have from Time to Time
Repair'd, Restor'd, and made it more Sublime,
Our Virgin-Queen deem'd it Her Care deserv'd;
What *Henry* rear'd, by *Eliza* was preserv'd.
Newcastle now our Foundress must be nam'd,
For all, that's Great, or Good, or Noble fam'd.

Phæbus his annual Course and more has run,
Since dreadful Lightnings through the Convex shone,
And gloomy Night dispell'd. Alarm'd, we gaz'd,
And trembling fear'd, and fearful, stood amaz'd.

The flaming Meteors were seen on high,
 And Thunders ratted thro' the vaulted Sky:
 Dismay'd, suspicious of some dire Event,
 Each fear'd, and each believ'd himself was meant.

: When loe! upon the Temple's lofty Spire,
 The trembling Crowd discern'd the Fatal Fire.
 The flaming Stream, by Tempest driven on,
 Devouring rolls. Huge heaps of burning Stone,
 With heavy Beams and Rafter, tumble down.
 The melted Roofs fall streaming on the Ground,
 Harmonious Bells by turns now lose their Sound,
 And tuneful Chimes do play their last and fatal Round.

Oh! Who can tell, what Poet's loftiest Flight
 Describe the Horrors of that dismal Night?
 When nought was heard, but loud Laments, and Cries,
 And Shrieks of Women rent the trembling Skies;
 From Place to Place the Men distracted run,
 God's House in Flames makes them forget their Own.

The *Northern* Primate, whose great Worth adorns
 The sacred Mitre, for our Sufferings mourns.
 Nor does he only mourn, but proves his Grief,
 By giving largely, and by kind Relief.

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Nor thus he rests; but longing to restore
The blest Abode, to what it was before,
Turns Suppliant. And what cou'd he do more?

Great *Margaretta*, whose exalted Fame
Adds Lustre to Renown'd *Cândish's* Name,
No sooner heard the Pious Prelate's Moan,
But made his Complaint, his Grief, his Cares, her own.
To Pious Deeds by kindly Nature mov'd,
Nature, by sound Religion still improv'd,
She need no Arguments to what she so much lov'd.
Born to do Good, born for all noble Ends,
Above what we cou'd ask, or think, she sends

So when the *Jewish* Patriots of old,
To captive Slavery and Bondage sold,
For *Solima's* Destruction weeping fate,
And mourn'd their Town's and Temple's direful Fate
The *Persian* King, with Godlike Pity mov'd,
Bad them, go build again the Walls below'd;
Your Altars rear, said he, for Use Divine,
Let *Sion's* Towers with ancient Lustre shine:
The blest Design t'advance let all contend;
While *Cyrus* can assist, you shall not want a Friend.

So spoke the mighty Prince. The captive Chiefs
Wond'ring, amaz'd, forget their former Griefs;

• The

They now behold their native Walls ascend,
And all past Woes in their Dear *Salem* end.

O *Margaretta*! Cou'd my grateful Verse,
Thy Merits reach, Thy Glorious Deeds rehearse
With just Applause; Fair *Nor'ingham* thou'd tell
Thy bounteous Acts; and grateful *Newark* dwell
Upon thy Praise; glad *Mansfield* thou'd proclaim
Thy kind Beneficence, and bless Thy Name.
A num'rous Train Thy Actions thou'd relate,
Fed by thy Bounty, by thy Bounty clad.

The Subject is too great, the Muse grows dumb,
Not weary with Thy Praise, but overcome.
Fain wou'd she once more raise her soaring Wing,
And *Henrietta's* Blooming Virtues sing.
Thy *Henrietta*! who by equal Deeds
Shall shew the Race, from whence her self proceeds;
Shall raise like Thine, a Glorious, Mighty Name,
And tread her Mother's Steps to endless Fame.

F I N I S.

